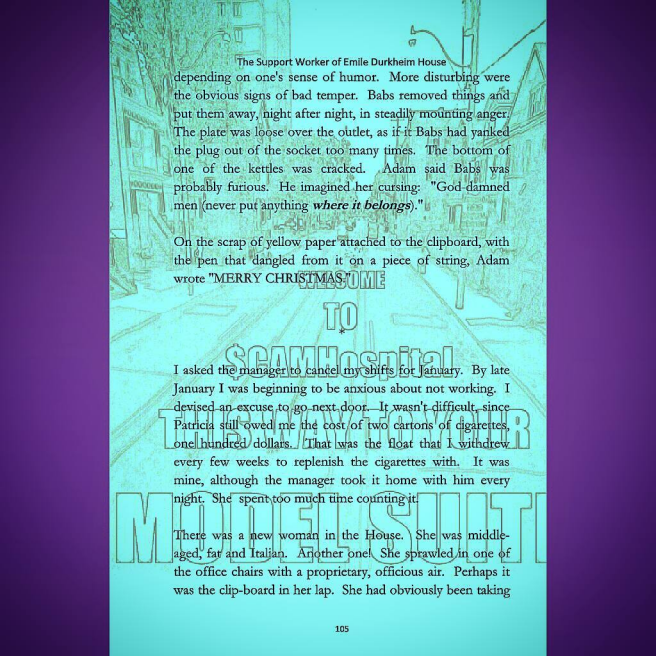




The Support Worker of Emile Durkheim House depending on one's sense of humor. More disturbing were the obvious signs of bad temper. Babs removed things and put them away, night after night, in steadily mounting anger. The plate was loose over the outlet, as if it Babs had yanked the plug out of the socket too many times. The bottom of one of the kettles was cracked. Adam said Babs was probably furious. He imagined her cursing: "God-damned men (never put anything *where it belongs*)."

On the scrap of yellow paper attached to the clipboard, with the pen that dangled from it on a piece of string, Adam wrote "MERRY CHRISTMAS."

I asked the manager to cancel my shifts for January. By late January I was beginning to be anxious about not working. I devised an excuse to go next door. It wasn't difficult, since Patricia still owed me the cost of two cartons of cigarettes, one hundred dollars. That was the float that I withdrew every few weeks to replenish the cigarettes with. It was mine, although the manager took it home with him every night. She spent too much time counting it.

There was a new woman in the House. She was middle-aged, fat and Italian. Another one! She sprawled in one of the office chairs with a proprietary, officious air. Perhaps it was the clip-board in her lap. She had obviously been taking